

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

NO. 11.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily.
9:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
2:47 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.
7:20 A. M. Daily.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
5:05 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:45
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	9:00	3:00
South	10:00	6:45
MAIL CLOSED.		

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

	JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

LATE NEWS NOTES.

The new charter of San Jose will provide that no man be retained as an employee of the city who does not pay his debts.

A. J. Wedderburn, representing the State Grange of Virginia, has applied for an export bounty on agricultural products.

Notices have been posted in all the mines in the Massillon (Ohio) district announcing a reduction in the price of pick mining from 61 to 51 cents a ton. The posting of the notice has precipitated a strike.

A dispatch from Havana received in Madrid, Spain, says it is expected Gomez and the other insurgent leaders will soon make overtures to the Spanish military authorities in Cuba, with a view of securing favorable terms of surrender.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded the contract for building a vessel for the lighthouse service to Wolf & Zwickler of Portland, Or., at \$73,000 to be finished within ten months. The vessel will be stationed at San Francisco.

The Galveston Terminal, under the laws of Texas, with a capital stock of \$300,000, has been chartered to purchase Pelican Island and adjoining islands in the channel opposite Galveston, to be developed within three years after delivery of the deed. At least 200 acres will be converted into docks and wharves with a capacity for at least fifty steamships. The property will be connected with the city of Galveston by a railroad bridge. The city will own one-third of the capital stock of the company. This is the first movement toward providing the Southern Pacific Railroad Company with the facilities it desires at this time.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Number of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in This Column.

A. G. Hubbard, a well-known Arizonian, lost a \$15,000 diamond at Redlands recently.

Over 300 feet of the north jetty at Eureka has been washed away during the past two weeks.

A bill for the support of aged indigents has been introduced in the Assembly at Sacramento.

The Tucson Star claims that the gold output of Arizona for the present year will reach \$10,000,000.

Over 200 stands of arms have been taken from persons entering Yosemite Park by the two main thoroughfares.

The steelhead salmon trout are said to be coming into Santa Ynez river since the late rains in good numbers.

The City Council of Sacramento has passed an ordinance to the effect that any employee of the city who does not pay his bills shall lose his position.

The Petaluma Daily Argus, after running two years, has suspended publication. Its proprietors, McNabb & Cassidy, will continue the weekly edition.

Spokane county, Washington, has ten good-sized lumber mills and several smaller ones, the whole aggregating an estimated capacity of 185,000 feet per day.

We look for prodigious crops if the season proves favorable.

On photographing the sun recently at Lick Observatory, San Jose, Mr. Colton found a large spot near the eastern limb, which is easily visible without telescopic aid. It is mostly pumbral, however, the nucleus being small. The extreme length of the spot is about 68,000 miles.

The building of the Morena dam, which is to form a part of the San Diego city \$1,500,000 water system, is causing the City Engineer a great deal of trouble. He reported officially that the dam was defective. Then he was made to say in a published interview that the dam was satisfactory, or would be when certain promises were fulfilled, and that the contractor was a fine man, for whom he (the City Engineer) wanted to save money. And now comes a third interview in which the City Engineer says the contractor followed the specifications accidentally, but with the intent to violate them. When this City Engineer really finds out "where he is at" concerning this dam, it ought to be a relief to the people whom he is supposed to represent, and who will have to pay the bills.

A Teachers' Association for Northern California has been organized at Red Bluff. Communications were read from the county superintendents of Yolo, Del Norte, Modoc and Trinity expressing their sympathy with the organization and regret at not being able to be present. A code of by-laws was adopted. G. H. Stout was elected president; Mrs. Ditmar and Mrs. Armstrong of Yolo, vice-presidents; Mrs. Wilson corresponding secretary; O. E. Graves, treasurer, and C. G. Kline, recording secretary. It was resolved to hold the next meeting in Siskiyou county.

CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

Raw wool has been taken up by the Ways and Means Committee.

A bill has been passed to amend the act providing for a civil government in Alaska, so as to create a surveyor-general at \$2000 a year to perform the duties of registrar and receiver of the general land office at Sitka.

The great cattle and land interests of Miller & Lux is to be merged into a corporation of \$12,000,000 capital stock. Henry Miller, the surviving partner, is to have \$6,000,000 worth.

The cyclists want but one favor of the present State Legislature—the passage of the baggage bill classing the bicycle as free baggage—and they will concentrate all their efforts to obtain it.

A sample of sugar cane from Yuma recently sent to San Francisco yielded 18.7 per cent sugar. Louisiana cane yields 12.32 per cent; Hawaiian cane, 15.7 per cent; Java cane, 13.93 per cent.

The San Diego Wednesday club's efforts to raise funds for a public library building have brought offers of free plans. A Boston firm offers to donate \$300 worth of prints for its walls.

The United States revenue cutter Bear has been taken to Quartermaster harbor to be put on the dry dock for repairs to her hull. A \$5000 contract has been let and extensive repairs are to be made.

The Saturday Night club, of Lakeview, San Diego county, spends an hour or two in social converse and then the members exchange magazines. A monthly fee of 10 cents is exacted to buy the magazines.

The Orange Belt irrigation district near Pomona will disincorporate. It has no bonds outstanding and no debt. The district was formed several years ago with a view of taking water from the Arrowhead system.

The State Board of Trade recently received from Professor Hilgard of the State University a sample of the tropical pawpaw, which experiments have demonstrated possesses pepsin in such quantities as to digest meat.

The old steamer Portland, formerly the Haytian Republic, has been chartered by the North American Transportation and Trading Company. She will be refitted and put on the run between San Francisco and the Yukon.

Eastern apples are being sold in San Jose, and yet the conditions in the near-by Santa Cruz mountains and foothills are all favorable for apple growing. California ought to grow all the apples that she requires.

Several parties are out with petitions of recommendation to the appointment of the Lompoc Postoffice, a vacancy in which will not occur except for cause, for the two years to come. The office is worth about \$1400 per annum.

The Puschbacker or Magalia mine, on Magalia ridge, Butte county, has been bonded in the interest of an English syndicate, and a diamond drill will be used to locate the deep channel supposed to run through the ridge.

The Oroville Mercury expresses surprise that the diamond drill is not more extensively used in prospecting, as it can be run to any depth and withdrawn with the core showing the exact formation of every inch of ground through which it passes.

Nearly the entire portion of the Santa Rosa rancho, comprising several thousand acres, is being farmed. For years this valuable property has been exclusively devoted to sheep and cattle.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Whitehall, Mich., Savings Bank has failed.

David Lubin of California requests an export duty on all agricultural products.

The fight between the coffee trusts of Chicago has cut the price a cent and a half a pound.

One man was killed and one hurt by a recent explosion in a coal mine near Bay City, Mich.

J. B. McCullah, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, committed suicide a few days ago.

The Citizens' National Bank of Fargo, North Dakota, has failed.

Mme. Nordica, the opera singer, has disappointed nine Western cities.

Thomas Nast, Jr., son of the great cartoonist, and himself an artist, has married Miss Ella B. Shields.

The 250 miners in the Maple Hill and Boggs mines at Barton, O., have struck for an advance of 6 cents.

In Cleveland, Ohio, at 11 o'clock in the morning recently, the fog caused it to be almost as dark as at night.

The Government has made the twenty-fourth payment of \$90,300 to the Crampus for the battle-ship Iowa.

United States Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, has sailed for Europe to try to bring about international bimetallism.

Rear Admiral Skerrett died with the year 1896, passing away just as the clock struck 12, announcing the birth of 1897.

The wholesale and retail crockery store of H. Ridder & Co. of Quincy, Ill., has failed. Assets, \$40,000; liabilities, \$30,000.

The Standard Cordage Company of Boston has started up after a shutdown of nearly three years. This will give employment to 400 hands.

The quarantine against Mexican cattle is now raised and for some months to come the restrictions upon shipments across the line will not be enforced.

The annual dividend list of the Fall River, Mass., mills shows that the year has been a hard one for the print cloth mills, and yet only three have ceased dividends.

Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, O., president of the Detroit Citizens' Street Railway Company, has come into control of the entire street railway system of Detroit.

The British steamship Sardinian Prince went ashore near Wash Woods, N. C., recently during a fog. She was floated again and proceeded apparently uninjured.

The value of the mineral output of Montana for the year is as follows: Copper, \$22,400,000; silver, \$10,725,000; gold, \$4,500,000; lead, \$675,000; total, \$38,300,000.

A syndicate is endeavoring to form a combination to control the bicycle tire business of the country and to float a large company with both American and English capital.

The President has issued a proclamation fixing July 1st as the date when the new rules for the prevention of collisions at sea, agreed on by the leading maritime nations of the world, will take effect.

A tornado struck Moarningspot, La., Arkansas, twenty-five miles west of Texarkana, Arkansas, on the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf road, and blew down every house but two in the town and killed several people.

A blizzard swooped down on Oklahoma a few days ago, being the first of the winter. A blinding sleet storm, with the wind blowing thirty miles an hour, struck Perry in the morning of the day in question, and the mercury fell 40 degrees in a few hours. Similar reports have been received from points throughout the Territory.

In the Senate Sherman of Ohio sought to secure the passage of a bill directing the Secretary of Agriculture to establish a uniform standard of grain and all classes of cereals, to be known as the United States standard, but there were sharp objections. Hale of Maine thought it conferred sweeping powers on the Secretary of Agriculture. Allen of Nebraska said the bill was opposed to the grain producers, taking out of their hands the right to classify their own grain. Gear of Iowa said that commercial bodies and producers were in favor of it. Sherman explained that he presented the measure at the request of the organizations in his State. It is sought merely to establish a uniform standard, but did not interfere with any private contract as to a standard. Sherman said the measure was in the interest of farmers and was designed to have the same grade in Chicago, New York and elsewhere. On objection the bill went over.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

"The Coal Trust Will Stand," is the assurance in a telegraphic headline. No doubt. The question is, how much will the public stand?

Anyone who believes that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" should drop a note in confidence to Col. Mapleson, inclosing stamp for reply.

"The window glass trust has come down with a crash," remarks a facetious contemporary. This is putty bad. Moreover, it isn't true. The window glass trust is still in business.

Five hundred Armenian widows and 2,000 orphans are without food or shelter. Can't our philanthropic societies scare up a few more resolutions to help these sufferers through the winter?

A Kansas man has just been awarded a medal for bravery in the army in 1862. The government's medal department seems to do business on the same principle as John Boyd Thacher's Columbian commission.

The telegraph brings the distressing information that a New Jersey man has been blown up by the explosion of a barrel of sweet cider in his cellar. Jersey lightning evidently resents the introduction of alien mixtures for internal irrigation.

A writer in the New York Press calls attention to the fact in Meurisse's fine painting of "The Infancy of Christ" one of the white-garbed women, under a large halo, is playing a modern guitar, with six strings, while another is sawing on a violin that resembles a genuine Stradivarius.

The demonstration of managerial failures emphasizes the fact, recognized by men who have given the subject consideration, that the artists are overpaid in proportion to their earning power.

They must either accept a true valuation and share the chances of gain or loss or they will kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

It appears from the report of the Secretary of the Interior that the public lands still vacant amount to over 600,000,000 acres, not including Alaska, with an area of 369,000,000 acres. These are impressive figures, but they are considerably smaller than the number of acres that Uncle Sam has given away since he began business.

The delightful absurdity of England's criminal law was exemplified the other day at the Central Criminal Court in London, when, on the adjournment of a felony trial from a Saturday to Monday, the jury were kept locked up, while the prisoner, concerning whose guilt there was but little doubt, was permitted to remain at liberty on bail.

Congress has done well in placing, without extra charge to the sender, an insurance of not more than \$10 upon every registered letter. That will oblige the Government to pay an indemnity for every registered letter lost or stolen. But the increased business thus attracted will doubtless make the new system a source of increased profits to the Post-Department.

Dairy Commissioner Anderson of Minnesota, in his annual report to the State Legislature, reveals dreadful things about the manufacture of spices. Pepper that is half ground stone, and mustard with an equal proportion of wood pulp, are among the exhibits he shows, and he urges the passage of a law giving his department control of this trade and power to prevent the sale of these vilely adulterated goods.

A heathen burying ground, with giant skeletons, was recently dug up in Mitterndorf, in the Austrian Salzkammergut. Many of the bodies were 6 feet 7 inches tall. They were all buried with the feet to the east, each inclosed in a circle of stones, with a stone under the head. Large earrings and finger rings were found on them, and one skeleton held a knife in its hand. No signs of Christian burial were discovered.

Again, the Man with a Tail. He lives in Indo-China, and is of the Moli race. He climbs trees monkey fashion, clasping the trunk and branches with the soles of his feet. He lives with his whole tribe in a long, tunnel-like hut made of dry leaves. At his enemies he shoots barbed and poisoned arrows. Besides a caudal appendage, he has ankles which stick out and are pointed like spurs of a game cock. Altogether a picturesque but not exactly lovable savage. That is, if there really is any such man.

The proneness to measure everything by space gives a bizarre expression to the details of the new Congressional Library, as described in an Eastern newspaper. Its finished portion will contain about forty-four running miles of shelving, which will accommodate 2,085,120 volumes of books, reckoning nine to the foot. The ultimate capacity of the building for books is upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or something less than 100 miles of shelving. In one way the library building is unique. It has been finished, and \$140,000 of the appropriation is still unexpended.

California agriculturists are adopting a modification of the trust system to secure higher prices for their products.

Combinations among the raisin-growers and the wine-makers have resulted in an advance in rates for each of them. Following this example, the lima-bean growers of Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties have formed an association which plans to hold this year's crop for two cents a pound, at which rate they are willing to make contracts with Eastern buyers in carload lots. It is probable also that a large proportion of the orange and lemon crops will be disposed of on the same combination plan.

According to the "Correspondance de l'Extreme Orient," the official organ of the Chinese Embassy at Berlin, Li Hung Chang's nomination as a member of the Tsung Li Yamen, or Department of Foreign Affairs, has no more than a formal meaning. He is in dire disgrace at court in consequence of his behavior while abroad, and has not been reinstated in the lucrative office of Viceroy of Petchili, as he had hoped. The Journal in question even goes so far as to declare that the Emperor had resolved to put Li to death on his return to China, and that the aged statesman owes his life to the intervention of the Emperor's uncle, Prince Kung. His visit to the Dowager Empress, who is on bad terms with the Emperor, has naturally served to add to the ill-will of his sovereign against him.

It pays to be a speedy bicycle rider. Less than four years ago two Welsh lads, the Linton brothers, worked in a colliery in Northern Wales, earning less than 50 cents a day each. One of them was taken up by a shrewd cycle trainer and broke all records for a period of two years, at the end of which time he died, leaving a fortune of \$20,000. His younger brother, Tom Linton, is now the greatest long-distance bicycle rider in the world. He has ridden thirty-one and one-third miles in a single hour—that is to say, in each of the 360 seconds he traveled over ninety feet of space. This must have been done, of course, with a wheel of abnormally high gear, probably 100. He has been riding only about two years, but his earnings are estimated at \$30,000.

The benighted persons who celebrate a wedding anniversary with ham sandwiches as the pieces of resistance ought to expect something serious to happen to them, and it is in no way surprising that a gathering at Hollidaysburg, Pa., thus regaled has just been dispersed with obscure internal symptoms baffling the skill of the local doctors, and so far without any satisfactory explanation. Neighborhood sentiment is divided as to whether the fault was with the pig that was eaten or the celebrants who consumed it, but it is united in recognizing the principle that as an element of the wedding feast in that region the ham sandwich must hereafter give way to the cruller—a reflection not quite so abrupt in its effects, but perhaps in the long run equally dangerous. The incident casts a light on the dietary usage of the rustic American, explaining the origin of many popular discontents for which political and religious remedies as well as medical prescriptions are quite in vain.

In Cow Island, La., where the alligator abounds, the tame vulture hen of a lady residing there has just hatched out several of the reptiles along with her own brood. The most curious thing about the incident is that the young saurians discern nothing irregular in their parentage and follow the mother hen around in company with her chicks apparently in entire contentment with their lot. The indifference of the placid domestic fowl as to what the eggs beneath it bring forth has long engaged the attention of naturalists, who finally ascribe it to the natural composure of the creature, which is more concerned for its own tranquillity and peace of mind than for the official regularity of its posterity. It brings up a brood of turkeys or muscovy ducklings with the same care that it bestows on the fluffy chicks of its own breed, which it is natural to suppose that it contracted for. How it may be with the nursing saurians of Cow Island is another matter, but there is no reason to suppose that the hen will fail in any reasonable point of duty toward them. Cow Island now ought to produce the tale of an alligator hatching out and nursing to maturity a brood of buff coochies or Plymouth Rocks. It would be equally interesting and almost as plausible.

Contrary to the custom of most monarchs, Emperor William II. of Germany has never allowed his effigy to be engraved upon a postage stamp and philatelists and the world in general have wondered at the modesty in this respect of the young Kaiser, who usually is not averse to having his features displayed before the eyes of his admiring subjects. No direct and authentic reason has been given why the Prussian black eagle has not been long ago replaced by the Kaiser's effigy, but perhaps an explanation may be found in the strain of superstition which more than once has influenced the action of the Hohenzollerns. The Prussian stamps issued from 1850 to 1858 bore the image of Frederick William IV. But the year before he became legally insane he had it replaced with the black eagle, for he could not bear to see his countenance soiled and mutilated by the postoffice employees. A few years ago an enterprising Berlin manufacturer had lead pencils made upon which was stamped a bass-relief head of William II. The minister of education at once ordered school teachers not to allow their pupils to use these particular pencils "since the children might disfigure the face of their sovereign by biting the pencils with their teeth."

Many a man who has a pie appetite lacks a pie stomach. Many a man who has a pie appetite lacks a pie stomach.

GRANDMA.
When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I had done a naughty thing
She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more!

If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true?
That grandma has been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet and kind and good!
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

MOLLIE'S DOUBLE.

If a man ever loved a woman—faithfully and with all his heart—I loved Molly Toppington just as truly. It had only been a matter of a couple of months since she had promised with the sweetest and most becoming of blushes to be mine for good and all, and I was the happiest beggar on earth until one day I received orders from the head of the firm with which I was connected to go to New York and attend to some business there which would keep me away from Boston for three weeks. Three long, miserable weeks without Molly. The thought was unendurable, but it had to be endured, nevertheless. For although I was getting along very well in my chosen profession, that of architecture, my fortunes were largely dependent upon the well-known firm which employed me, and naturally I was compelled to do their bidding. So I broke the news as gently as possible to Molly, comforting her as best I could with the assurance that three weeks were not so long after all, and that some day there would be no separation at all for us. Dear little girl, she was almost heart-broken, but she had a brave spirit, and she smiled at me so lovingly and sweetly through the tears which glistened in her dark eyes that I felt almost



SO I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER WITH A JERK.

tempted to throw my position over and stay by her. However, I concluded that such a course would be extremely foolish, if not altogether unfair to Molly, whose future was concerned as well as my own, and accordingly I summoned up all my courage for our parting. "Mollie, sweetest," I said, "I wish so very much we could go together—but we can't—can we?"

"No, Dick, but you will write to me, won't you—every day?"

"Yes, darling—twice a day."

"Good-bye, sweetheart."

"Good-bye, Dick, dear."

And so we parted. And her image haunted me all through my journey and seemed to speak to me all the next day, although I was busy every minute of it with plans and estimates and calculations. When the day's work was over it was worse than ever, and I started to walk down Broadway, the bluest, loneliest and most pitiable object on earth, when by one of those strange dispensations of Providence I ran plump into Harvey Gaskell, my old chum at Harvard.

"Well," he cried, "of all the long-faced, God-forsaken-looking individuals you are the worst. Have you lost your last friend, or what other catastrophe has overtaken you?"

I felt somewhat ashamed of the cause of my down-heartedness being discovered. So I looked up with a forced smile and tried to answer him lightly. I remembered suddenly that I had neglected to write to Harvey to tell him of my engagement, and he probably knew nothing of it. I would wait, therefore, until a more suitable occasion to announce it to him, as I felt sure he would rally me on my remorseful state.

"I'm all right," I answered. "Can't a man pull a long face for his own amusement without his friends making remarks?"

"You can't pull any more to-night, anyway," said Harvey. "I'm going to take you home with me, and you shall meet the jolliest little girl in New York. You will like her, I am sure. She is just your sort."

I looked at Harvey suspiciously and questioningly. I knew he had no sisters and lived alone with his widowed mother.

"Oh, no," he laughed in answer to my look. "You're wrong there. Not this old, old chap. She is just a little cousin we have only just discovered, and mother is very fond of her. That is all. I haven't been affected yet, and I guess I will not be."

What could I do? I didn't care a straw to meet the jolliest little girl in New York. There was only one "jolliest

little girl" for me, and she was in Boston. But if I refused Harvey would be offended, and when he found out that I was engaged he would think me a love-sick chump. Besides, what was the harm? Molly herself, the dear, unselfish creature, would be only too glad to have me pass my evening in pleasant company. I could not have her, and there was no use making myself more miserable than I need be. So I determined to go home with Harvey. I wanted to have a long talk with him over college days, and as for the "jolliest little girl in New York" why—she could take care of herself.

After a brief talk we arrived at Harvey's home, a cosy little house in East Fifteenth street, and I waited in the drawing-room while Harvey went in search of his mother. She came in almost immediately, a handsome, white-haired woman, whom I remembered very well from college days. I used to be quite a favorite of hers and she welcomed me very warmly.

"Yes, Mollie is home," she said in answer to a question of Harvey's. "She will be down presently."

Mollie! I started at the name, but recovered myself immediately. It was not such a very uncommon name, but it was a little singular that Harvey's cousin should be a Mollie, too. We chatted together all three of us for a few minutes, and then there was a rustle of skirts in the hall and Harvey's little cousin stood in the doorway.

For a moment I thought my brain had been suddenly affected. Harvey arose from his chair, but I kept my seat and clinched my hands in the effort to regain my senses. Standing there in Harvey Gaskell's drawing-room door—the jolliest little girl in New York—was Mollie, my Mollie Toppington—or else my eyes deceived me. It takes a long time to tell it, but a hundred thoughts passed through my mind in the instant she was standing there. Then the truth or what seemed to be the truth, flashed across me—that it was simply a wonderful resemblance intensified by my love for Mollie, and that the wish was father of the thought. So I pulled myself together with a jerk and managed to exchange the usual commonplace of an introduction. But I could not take my eyes off her for an instant, and I finally detected Harvey looking at me in a most amused manner.

It has often occurred to me as strange that among so many million people there should not be some who are more alike as to features and form. It would seem to be the merest chance that nature does not create more duplicates than she does, for after all we must all have the same features, the indispensable nose, eyes, mouth, and so on, and the mere fact of one nose being Roman or retrousse and a pair of eyes being blue or brown and a mouth being large, small, ugly or pretty—these things are mere accidents, and I have often wondered that people should differ as much as they do. I was not prepared, however, to find an example of my theory in the person of a duplicate to Mollie Toppington, for surely she and this other Mollie, who was introduced to me as Miss Forsythe, were duplicates.

I could scarcely eat a mouthful of dinner for watching her across the table. She had Mollie's brown hair precisely, and it was done up just as Mollie does hers, even down to the little escaping ringlet that fell over her tiny ears. Her eyes were dark and had the same soulful expression as Mollie's—and her mouth had that same indescribable droop and fullness to it which made me want to kiss it, until I suddenly remembered that she was not Mollie—my Mollie.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like a gown I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times. It was terribly bewildering. I did not know what to make of it all, and I answered when spoken to quite at random. I detected Harvey and his mother glancing at each other in an amused way. They must have thought me terribly and suddenly smitten with Mollie Forsythe. Once or twice I was tempted to explain



I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS.

my state of mind and ask them for a solution of the mystery, but I refrained from doing so because I thought it would sound foolish. Probably the resemblance would not be nearly so wonderful to anyone other than myself.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and Miss Forsythe went to the piano to play. Even here the wonders were not to cease. As soon as she touched the keys I thought how much her touch resembled Mollie's—Mollie Toppington, and when she began the first few bars of a serenade, a dreamy thing that was my Mollie's favorite, I gave the whole mystery up as a bad job, and then and there a very strange thing happened. I blushed to relate it, even now, but I went over to the piano to turn her music for, and in the intoxication of her presence I forgot the very existence of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, while I made love fast and furious to Mollie Forsythe, of New York.

She seemed a little surprised first when I spoke to her in tones of undoubted admiration, throwing all the meaning I could into my commonplaces. But on the whole she took it very well, and in the brief time during which she was playing over a lot of tender melodies and I was whispering sweet nothings into her ear, we became to all intents and purposes lovers. And it was not until, with a start, I remembered that it must be growing late and took my leave—not until I had emerged into the street—that I thought of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, and of what a miserable creature I had been to her. The very thought of my conduct filled me with the deepest shame, and I actually blushed at my own duplicity. How could I ever look Mollie—my Mollie—in the face again? For now I had left Mollie Forsythe I knew that I only loved Mollie Toppington, and I longed to see her and speak to her as only a true lover may. What a pitiful

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To make a long story short, when I saw Mollie Forsythe I reverted to my

unfaithfulness once more, and so I was for nearly a year. I was compelled to be in New York about half my time on business, and when I was there I loved Mollie Forsythe. When I was in Boston I loved Mollie Toppington. Was ever a man so situated? Was there ever such a case of "how happy could I be with either?" I was perfectly happy, with either Mollie; when away from them I was consumed with remorse. Neither knew nor dreamed of the existence of the other, and the strain of keeping this knowledge from them, together with the consciousness of my own guilt, was killing me by inches. I grew pale and thin. Couldn't eat or sleep. It was dreadful.

To cap the climax, Mollie Forsythe, of New York, announced to me one day that she was going to Boston to visit her aunt who lived there. Of course I could not raise any objection. Instead I had to appear delighted. This, I thought, would bring forth the inevitable climax to the past ten months of deception and intrigue. The time had come, I thought, to get myself out of the way, and once more my mind reverted to suicide. But suicide is cowardly, and as I had sinned, so must I face the consequences, I thought, and I determined to see the affair out.

It was several days after the arrival of Mollie Forsythe in Boston. I had managed to see her and Mollie Toppington both often enough to avoid suspicion on the part of either of them so far, but I did not know how long I could manage it. Mollie Forsythe and I were taking a walk and had wandered out into Cambridge. Suddenly I felt as if every drop of blood had left my body. My knees smote and I almost fainted. There straight ahead with her light graceful step was Mollie Toppington. There was no turning back, no escape from any quarter. The crisis had arrived.

I looked at Mollie Forsythe. She was smiling a happy, conscious smile. Suddenly she caught sight of Mollie Toppington and her face became a study. Mollie Toppington was so engrossed with Mollie Forsythe's resemblance to herself that she did not even recognize me at first. Nearer and nearer the two women approached each other while I—I looked on with about the same degree of morbid interest which a helpless traveler might feel in viewing a quarrel of two wild beasts for the privilege of eating him. My strength had failed me and I stood rooted to the ground.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance \$2.00
Six Months 1.25
Three Months 65

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand
and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON.

The workingmen and wage earners of this busy and thriving industrial town have another object lesson placed before them, in the example and action of Mr. Joseph Nessier, who has just completed and removed with his family into his new cottage on California avenue. Any working man with a family, who is blessed with health and strength, can do what Mr. Nessier has done. Mr. Nessier has no advantage over his fellow workman in the way of wages, nor in any other respect that we are aware of. The secret of his success consists simply in the practice of the small economies of life and in steady habits, coupled with the resolve to give his family a home of their own. Who can doubt that this man is a better citizen, a better husband and father, and a happier man than he would be were he content to remain homeless.

The first goal to be reached in the life of the successful man of family is the home goal. This gained, the remainder of the race is comparatively easy. This gained, that heavy burden, the monthly rent tax, which consumes on the average one-fifth of his wages, falls from his shoulders. Try for this goal, wage-earners and workingmen. Declare your independence and make the declaration good by becoming your own landlord.

WALLER FOR U. S. INSPECTOR OF DRUGS.

Mr. Julian Waller, brother of Newton Waller, formerly of this town, and a member of the well-known firm of Waller Bros., druggists of San Francisco, is an applicant for the position of U. S. Inspector of Drugs.

Mr. Julian Waller is an educated and experienced druggist, a gentleman of high character and fine abilities, and a man thoroughly qualified and completely equipped for the duties of the position to which he aspires.

We trust Mr. Waller may be successful. No better selection could be made, nor one which would prove more popular in this locality than the appointment of Mr. Waller to the position named.

Now that the Senatorial succession is settled, our legislative solons may devote themselves exclusively to the legitimate business of the session.

If this Legislature will give the people of the State a comprehensive and systematic good roads law, a practical and pure primary election law, a good sound civil service law, and a law to aid the commerce of the State by making San Francisco a port of free entry and doing away with the present system of exorbitant pilotage, towage and wharfage charges, it will live long in the remembrance of an approving constituency and a grateful posterity.

The Funding Bill received its quietus in the lower house of Congress on Monday last by the decisive vote of 102 to 168. Now that this measure has been twice defeated, first by a Democratic Congress, under the title of the Reiley bill, and again by a Republican House, under the name of the Powers bill, its promoters will do well to accept this latest decision as final.

The re-election of United States Senator George C. Perkins will be very generally approved by the people of this State, regardless of party. The Republican majority in the Legislature have, by their action, ratified the choice of the rank and file of their party throughout the State, and proved faithful to the trust reposed in them by the people.

The recommendations of Governor Budd looking toward retrenchment and economy in the management of public institutions and the expenditure of public funds, should receive the unhesitating approval and united support of the Republican majority in the Legislature.

GREAT WINTER SPORT.

ICE BOATS SKIM THE NORTHERN FROZEN LAKES.

Go Faster than the Wind, and Because of the Great Speed Are Difficult to Manage—Danger Lies in Cracks and Obstacles.

ON WINGS OF WIND.

With winter comes the ice, and there is nothing that affords more sport than a well-constructed iceboat in the hands of an experienced person. Ice boating is not as dangerous as some other sports on the ice, but one must always be on the lookout for cracks in the ice, logs of wood and other obstacles. The iceboat, under favorable conditions, travels nearly ten times faster than does the ordinary sailboat, and therefore it is more difficult to handle. They have

been excavations at the bottom of the shaft were placed several pelton water wheels, against which this heavy fall of water was directed. The wheels drove electric generators, which in turn, by an electric cable running up the shaft, drove electric motors, and in this way all steam machinery was dispensed with, the expensive cost of all fuel avoided and the entire pumping machinery done away with. But, more than this, the entire mines can now be worked by water power at a great financial saving.

A Glimpse of Rosa Bonheur. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Avery went down to Bay one morning to see Mme. Rosa Bonheur at her country place on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. Her well-appointed trap met them at the station, and carried them to the house in time for luncheon. Mme. Bonheur poured out their wine for them herself, and they talked of the forest and the beautiful surroundings of her



SPEEDING BEFORE THE GALE.

been known to attain a speed of nearly 100 miles an hour, while it is no uncommon thing for an ordinary iceboat to jog along at a speed of fifty miles an hour. While flying at a high rate of speed the least turn of the tiller may cause the boat to change its course, capsizing it, or, perhaps, running it into some obstacle.

Like sailboats, iceboats are of various designs, each having some particular advantage, but invariably the owner will tell you that his is the best possible method. The momentum of a boat depends largely upon its size and the breadth of its sails in proportion to the dimensions of the boat. Nearly all standard boats are rigged alike, or nearly so, but the cheaper boats are more for experiment and are often arranged differently. Most people imagine that after the first heavy fall of snow ice boating must be dispensed with, but such is not the case. The iceboats are so constructed that they will plow through a foot of snow, the skates being attached to a flange which raises the

home. "Yes," she said; "but I hear them cutting down trees in the forest sometimes, and every blow of the ax hurts my heart." She had met Mr. August Belmont, and had received commissions from him to paint two pictures when he was United States minister at The Hague. She had told him that she was exceedingly busy and couldn't paint them very soon, and he had said: "How long must I wait? One year two years? I am getting old, and I want them soon." She asked him how old he was, and when he said, "Seventy-one," she replied, "That is my age, too." So she shook hands with him, and told him she would paint the pictures for him at once. Mme. Bonheur related this incident to her visitors, and added: "Mr. Belmont is a great Democrat, isn't he? When will he be elected President of the United States?" She evidently thought his chances were very good, but Mr. Vanderbilt told her he thought they were about as good as his own, and his he considered painfully small; so Mme. Bonheur was enlightened.



ICE YACHTING ON LAKE WINNERBAGO.

body of the boat about eighteen inches above the ice.

An iceboat is simple in construction, being in the shape of a triangle. There are three skates under it, two of which are at the front. The fore runners are generally much heavier and larger than the hind runner, for the reason that they bear a larger proportion of the weight. The tiller is at the extreme end of the boat, so that it requires little force to steer the boat. The average head of the iceboat is from 12 to 18 feet, and from 5 to 8 feet wide. The spar is at the bow of the boat and the sail projects half way over the bow. Most of the boats have only one sail, which consists of about 50 yards of canvas, but in many instances a jib, fore-sail and topsail are used. All sails may be reefed.

There will be a greater variety of ice-boats this winter than ever before. They range from the small boy's boat, which may be considered a toy, to the larger ones which carry nearly as much canvas as do some of the large schooners.

WORKED BY WATER POWER.

The importance of employing good engineering skill, where, although the first cost of professional fees is large, the amount may ultimately be saved many times over, is well illustrated in the case of the Comstock silver mines, which, according to the Age of Steel, was much troubled with water, although situated in a mountainous country. The engineers suggested that by driving a tunnel through the hill not only could the mines be drained, but the troublesome overflowing water be utilized. A tunnel was accordingly made, the overflowing waters and adjoining stream were diverted down a shaft to the bottom of the mine, some 1,700 feet under the level, and in chan-

ed on American politics. "At this time," says Mr. Avery, "she did not seem at all old. She had a refined, womanly face and a very sweet voice. Her temperament was bright and gay, and her manner charming."—Courtesy.

SUCCESS IS EASILY ATTAINED. "The appearance is that only a comparatively small number of people ever quite realize what an easy thing success would be if only they made effective the means to it which they have already in hand," writes Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in an article on "The Young Man on the Fence," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Differences among people in respect to efficiency are far less an affair of resources than they are a matter of getting those resources trained upon a particular point, and of getting that point so close to the eye and the heart that it shall be able to draw those energies along convergent lines, like a sun-glass that will convert ordinary temperature into heat by contracting solar lines to a focus. It is worth a whole fortune to get well stirred up, to get all the energies of one's being drawn out in warm intensity upon a single object. A good deal of the success of even a man like St. Paul is due to that posture of mind and of life which he expressed when he said, 'This one thing I do.' He was wholly drawn in under the power of a single purpose. He was aglow with that purpose. Everything within him was combustible material, which he laid upon the crackling bonfire of that purpose. Success was, therefore, easy to him."

Merchant—What position do you desire in our establishment, sir? College Graduate—Oh, something like confidential adviser or general manager. Merchant—Good! You may have both jobs I will make you an office boy.—Judge.

WM. NEFF,

Billiard

AND

Pool Room

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SAN BRUNO AVE., NEAR GRAND.

Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates.

Rooms Single or in Suits.

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Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

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On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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FRANK MINER,

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ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES
ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

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E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

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215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CALLING DAYS:
Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

LOCAL NOTES.

Personal mention in this column.

Hon. A. F. Green, of Millbrae, was in town on Wednesday.

Johnny Brennan, of San Francisco, was in town on Monday.

M. Seligman, attorney-at-law of San Francisco, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. P. Neuman contemplates commencing the erection of a residence soon.

The sound of the hammer and saw makes pleasant music in our little town.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Waller, of San Francisco, paid our town a visit on Sunday last.

Mr. Joseph Nessier and family have moved into their new residence on California avenue.

The Episcopal Church choir will meet for practice at 7:45 p.m., on Friday of each week.

Roadmaster W. E. Taylor has commenced the work of mending the bad places on San Bruno road.

Mrs. Sullivan intends taking the boarding-house portion of Mr. W. T. Neff's business next week.

Mr. J. L. Wood will commence the erection of a new residence for Mr. C. Collins, the coming week.

Secretary George H. Chapman has been confined to his room the past two days with a very severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Akins, who have resided in this town during the past three years, removed to San Francisco last week.

Constable Dan Neville and Deputy Fred Desirello went claming on the beach Monday and came back loaded with bivalves.

Mrs. W. J. Martin entertained at dinner yesterday Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Patchell and Mrs. Ironsides.

Services will be held at Grace Church by the Rev. George Wallace, tomorrow, at 11 o'clock a.m. Sunday school at 3:15 p.m.

Mr. Charles Duer has leased the flat in the Hansbrough Block, formerly occupied by S. L. Akins, as a residence for himself and family.

Wanted.—To lease a small, improved ranch of 15 to 30 acres, within easy reach of this town. Inquire at office of the Enterprise.

The residence of Mr. A. Sorenson, on Miller avenue, is rapidly progressing towards completion under the skillful hands of H. L. Kofoed.

Messrs. D. O. Daggett and Frank Miner have leased a piece of ground of the Land and Improvement Company and fenced the same for use as a pasture.

W. T. Neff is removing the small temporary structures from the west half of his lot preparatory to erecting a substantial two-story building upon that portion of his property fronting Cypress avenue.

Fire insurance and life assurance, either or both, can be obtained right here, at home, and in the best and most reliable companies, upon application to E. E. Cunningham, agent, at the Postoffice building.

Died, of pneumonia, at Millbrae, Friday evening; the 8th inst. Frances, infant daughter of John A. and Cora Flood, aged 1 year, 3 months and 8 days. The remains were interred at St. John's Cemetery, at San Mateo, last Sunday.

Dennis Donavan, well known in this town and county as a huckster and dealer in almost every conceivable kind and sort of produce, animate and inanimate, was arrested in San Francisco last week upon the charge of dealing in immature veal.

Any of our worthy fellow-citizens who are not altogether converted to the doctrine of tree planting, are invited to take a look at the magnificent row of fine trees planted and grown on the windward side of our domicile by our better-half during the past year. These trees, planted one year ago, are from ten to fifteen feet in height, and growing taller every day.

During the past year the Western Meat Company have killed and dressed over 247,000 head of livestock, including cattle, sheep and hogs. This is a daily average, not including Sundays for the entire year, of nearly 800 head of livestock. The amount of wages paid out to employees of the packing-house alone, not including the stock yards, aggregates about \$100,000 for the year.

It is to be hoped that a greater interest will be taken in the weekly church choir practice. There is a wealth of good material here for a fine choir. Among those who took part in the choir singing at the consecration services of our pretty little church building, may be mentioned Mrs. George Sutherland, Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mrs. J. Eikenkotter, Mrs. J. W. Howell, Mrs. W. J. McCuen, Mrs. J. E. Strong, Miss Hilda Johnson, Miss Lena Kneese, Miss Josie Miner; Messrs. J. W. Howell, A. Van Hikken, G. R. Hudson, Arthur Coombes, Howard Werner, Charles Vandenberg, with Mr. H. B. Maggs as leader, and Mr. Charles Coombes as organist. A goodly number, truly, for a small town! The wealth of our local choir material does not consist in numbers alone, but in the quality of the voices of our local singers. A good choir and good singing will prove a great attraction to draw people to church services.

The packing-house employees of the Western Meat Company subscribed \$50 on Tuesday toward defraying the funeral expenses of Wm. McKinney, who died at the City and County Hospital in San Francisco, on January 9, 1897, from the effect of injuries received about a month ago, caused by falling into a tank of hot lard. General Manager Leroy Hough also made a

liberal contribution for the same purpose. The funeral took place at 11 o'clock a.m. of the 12th inst.; interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

BODY OF UNKNOWN MAN FOUND NEAR LAKE MERED.

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 7th inst., two young men from Ocean View, who were hunting rabbits on the lands of the Spring Valley Water Company south of the S. P. Railroad near Lake Merced, came upon the body of a man lying beneath a low bushy tree in a grove of small live oaks on the east side of a deep ravine.

The spot where the body was found is out of the way and unfrequented place, and the discovery was accidental. The body was in an advanced stage of decomposition, and shrunken to a mere skeleton.

The young men returned home and at Mission road met Constable Daniel Neville, of Colma, to whom they related the circumstance of the finding of the body.

On the morning of the 8th, Constable Neville, in company with James Oakes, of Colma, repaired to the locality described by the young men the previous afternoon, and after a brief search, found the body. Constable Neville returned to Colma and notified the acting coroner at this place, he went at once to Colma, and summoned a coroner's jury, held an inquest upon the remains.

The deceased was a man of medium stature, hair light brown, partially gray, clean shaven; teeth gold filled; dressed in blue coat and vest, dark pantaloons, white shirt, black necktie, gold stud with small diamond setting, in shirt, plain gold-sleeve buttons. Hat lying near the body was a black Fedora, size 7 3/8. A small leather hand valise, empty, was also found lying near the body. In the pockets was found \$35 in gold coin, and \$2.10 in silver and nickel coins. The bones of the fingers of the right hand were closed tightly over the handle of a five chamber 38-calibre revolver of Harrington & Richardson make. A communion ticket Southern Pacific Oakland ferry for the month of July, 1896, was found lying near the body. The ticket had last been used on July 3, 1896, as shown by the punch, and was signed G. or T. Masker.

The case was evidently one of suicide as found by the verdict of the coroner's jury.

The circumstances indicate that the deceased had been a resident of Oakland, Alameda or Berkeley, and that he came to his death some time about the 4th of July last. The body was taken in charge by Coroner Crowe and buried at Redwood City.

HE WAS SCALDED TO DEATH.

William McKinney Succumbs After a Month's Suffering.

William McKinney, who fell into a vat of hot lard on December 9th, died at the City and County Receiving Hospital yesterday from the scalding he received. McKinney was employed in the lard refinery of the Western Meat Company, at South San Francisco, and usually his duties were to skim the surface of tanks of boiling lard.

Just a month ago yesterday McKinney slipped on a greasy tank and fell in. The lard, almost at boiling point, reached up to his waist and burned him frightfully. He was taken to the City and County Hospital, where he lingered in great agony until death relieved him. He was a native of Ireland, 39 years of age, and single.—S. F. Chronicle.

Australian Salt Bush.

The branch of the work at the University experiment station which deals with the introduction and acclimation of economic plants made very noticeable advancement in public favor during the year now closing, says E. J. Wickson, Associate Professor of Agriculture, in his report lately issued.

This gentleman goes on to say: The wide recognition of the importance of the Australian Salt bush, *Atriplex semibaccatum*, on strongly alkaline soils was highly gratifying and was likewise a considerable tax upon our time and material. Similar experience was had with the tobacco, and, in a less degree, with some of the other growths offered last year. When it is remembered that we do not conduct a free distribution and that, besides paying the cost of what he receives, each applicant specifically assumes the obligation to report the results of his seed or plant trial, the advance in popularity which the figures indicate is notable.

The number of applications for the year 1895-96 was 1,504 as against 925 in 1894-95 and 410 in 1893-94. This increased demand clearly shows that our plan of distributing to volunteer experimenters, plants or seeds of those growths which seem most promising after trial upon the grounds of our own stations, commends itself more and more each year to the people of the State.

Poisoning Gophers.

A well-known method of poisoning gophers is by means of raisins and strichnine. Many, however, report only partial success, which may be accounted for in the fact that the details are not properly attended to. A subscriber to the California Cultivator says that after the end of a raisin is cut off to allow of the insertion of a small crystal of strichnine, the cut surface should be rubbed with a little oil of oignon. A number of raisins can be so treated, and kept in a can, and it is also important that they be never afterwards touched with the fingers, but spread about with a thorn or pointed piece of wood. The raisins should be placed in the runaways, and the openings carefully covered with dirt, but the loose dirt should not be allowed to fall into the runaway, nor should the hands be permitted to touch it.

PERSONAL Tidbits

The daughters of the Prince of Wales could swim before they could read.

Orchids the color of pale gold are the favorite flowers of Mrs. Oliver Iselin.

Mr. Ruskin is in good health again, but still abstains from all literary work.

Malba has \$100,000 invested in gowns, it is said, one of them having cost \$15,000.

May Houghton, of North Adams, Mass., has given his \$1,000 salary for the local hospital.

Col. Frederick D. Grant has been visiting the old Grant homestead, at East Windsor Hill, Conn.

Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in the Apia Mountains is said to be painfully neglected.

Mrs. Sidney Lanier is giving readings from her late husband's works, and is meeting with great success.

Mrs. John Rockefeller is as devoted to hospitals where her charities are concerned as her husband is to universities.

Miss Victorine Thomas Artz, of Chicago, has made a gift of \$10,000 to the Boston Public Library as a Longfellow memorial.

The Queen of Greece is an accomplished yachtswoman, holds a master's certificate and is an honorary admiral in the Russian navy.

The sultan has appointed five Christians—an Armenian, the others Greeks—as deputy governors of different provinces in Asia Minor.

Mr. Kato, the secretary of the Japanese legation in Paris, has just been appointed commissioner general of Japan at the exposition of 1900.

Gov. Bradley, of Kentucky, who has been at Cincinnati undergoing treatment for his throat, is greatly improved.

Dr. Daniel G. Brinton has proved that the first battle on American soil in which horses were used was that at Cintia, in Tabasco, Mexico, in March, 1519.

Dr. Milo A. Jewett, United States consul at Siyas, Asia Minor, is in Boston on a leave of absence, after about five years' continuous service in Armenia.

The Queen Regent of Spain, who will soon have a motor carriage, will be the first European sovereign to use one. It will be known as an "electric victory."

R. L. Stevenson, Prof. Henry Drummond and "Ian Maclaren" were classmates at the Edinburgh University, and not one of them won distinction as a student.

The famous Hungarian artist, M. Michael Munkacsy, the painter of "Christ Before Pilate" and other noble works, is said to be suffering from paralysis of the spinal cord.

M. Maxime Avoine, the Paris sculptor, committed suicide on his dismissal from the Ecole Des Artes Decoratives for expressing revolutionary views of the Carneaux troubles.

Here's a Cool House.

The house of the water tubes is the remarkable building freak of a German inventor, who claims that he has solved the problem of a constant temperature that may be regulated at will, and incidentally secured a structure that combines the elements of strength, comfort and beauty.

He first put up a skeleton of his house, the frame for walls and floors being of water tubing, connected with a pumping and boiler system in the basement.

Around this skeleton he put up his house in the ordinary way. The tubes were within the walls and between the floors and ceilings. In the summer time this tubing is connected with the regular water supply and a steady stream flows through the pipes in the walls and under the floors, circulating under pressure, absorbing the heat of the walls and floors as it flows. During the long and severe winter the tubing is connected with the boiler and water is heated to 100 degrees forced through the circuit of pipes. The water at the outlet is found to have decreased to 40 degrees, the remaining 60 degrees having been distributed throughout the house. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated so as to allow the fixing and maintenance of a certain temperature throughout the building.

The Constitution.

"The makers of our constitution, instructed by the experience of the colonies, by the State constitutions already adopted, and by earlier lessons from British history, found an easy agreement upon the general principle that the judicial power of the United States should be vested in a separate and independent department," writes ex-President Harrison in his "This Country of Ours" paper in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"The division of powers will be made plainer by bringing together the opening sentences of the first three articles of the constitution:

"Article 1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States."

"Article 2. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America."

"Article 3. The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

"Upon this threefold frame the other provisions of the constitution are hung. The limitations upon the powers of the United States courts will be more clearly understood if what has been before said in another connection is recalled here—namely, that the powers of government in this country are divided between the nation and the States upon

the principle that certain powers are set off to the United States, and all other powers, save a few that are prohibited, are retained by the States. The constitution enumerates the powers which the people have given to the nation. 'The judicial power of the United States' is, therefore, such power of a judicial nature as the constitution gives to the United States—no more. The residue of the judicial power the people have reserved in the grant to the United States, and have given the whole, or such part of this reserved power as pleased them, to the State courts."

Race Track Veterans.

When the racing career of a horse is over he is seldom, if ever, heard from again. The stallions, if of good breeding, go to the stud and often become famous through their posterity, and the mares of every class go to the stock farms. Very few of the geldings are killed outright, yet a broken-down thoroughbred is about of as much use as a last year's sunbeam.

Jay Eye See may be seen nearly every day on the streets of the city where J. I. Case makes his reapers. Parole, the winner of eighty-seven races in this country and in England, is in Pierre Lorillard's place at Jobstown, N. Y.

Patrick, the property of Pat Dunne, Chicago's famous horseman, has been turned out to end his days in peace and plenty of grass on Eugene Leigh's farm.

Old Barnum, who ran until he was 16 years old, earned the title of the Iron Horse long before "Pa" Bradley's Blitzzen was foaled. Barnum's last appearance in a race was at East St. Louis, where he was beaten by a lot of cheap skates, a sad end to the racing career of the conqueror of Hanover.

Lexington, Longfellow, Glencoe, Bonnie Scotland and Leamington died on the farms they helped to make famous.

But to old Sunday belongs the honor of dying under saddle in the field of battle. Sunday, by Sun Dance, was a big, handsome bay horse. He was a terror in the ring for several years, until at last he outlived his usefulness and died from poison administered in an apple. In the inclosure, just at the head of the home-stretch, the old sprouter lies buried. A marble slab marks the spot, which is fenced with iron as a result of a contribution from many admirers of the old campaigner who had profited by his gameness and speed.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Some Definitions by Boys.

A school boy may know a word well enough, but he isn't always sure about its meaning. The Schoolboy Magazine has collected a number of funny definitions given by boys and girls. Here are some of them:

Back-biter—a flea.

Fan—a thing to brush the warm off with.

Fins—a fish's wings.

Ice—water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.

Nest eggs—the egg the old hen measures by to make new ones.

Pig—hog's little boy.

Snorng—letting off sleep.

Snow—rain all popped out white.

Stars—the moon's eyes.

Wakefulness—eyes all the time come out unbuttoned.

Russian Schoolboy Gardeners.

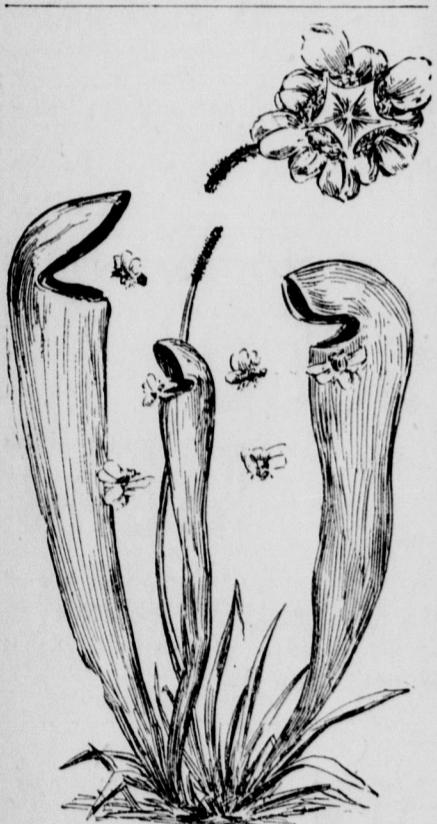
Over in Russia many of the schools have connected with them small gardens, orchards or grape arbors, in which the boys and girls are taught to work. Each day the schoolmaster, who has charge of the garden, takes his pupils out and teaches them how to plant, hoe, rake and reap. In the south of Russia, where the country is almost treeless, the children learn how to set out trees and what the best kinds are, and in some provinces there is a complete silkworm colony in each school, and the pupils watch the wonderful little silkmakers eat mulberry leaves and spin their cocoons, and help all they can in the work of caring for the colony. At other schools bees are kept, and the boys and girls learn to handle them and guard them while they are haying.

In this way the boys and girls of Russia, by the time they have finished their school work, know a good deal about some pursuits which will help them to make a living.

How would you enjoy some of these things in connection with your school?

About a Rogue Plant.

Here's the picture of a rogue of a plant that lies in wait like a highway robber for unwary flies and other insects and when they appear it swallows them up and their friends never hear of them again. It has been given the botanical name of sarracenia, but it is commonly called the pitcher plant, from the fact that its leaves are rolled into the form of pitchers, in which many a poor fly is caught. The flies are attracted to the plant by a sweet liquid which it gives off, and in their greediness they go a little too far and are killed. Botanists do not know exactly why the plant should wish a dinner of flies, but there must be some good reason for it.



A BANDIT PLANT.

else its pitchers would not be so attractive. By experiment they have found that the plant will live just as well where the flies cannot get at it at all. So all the evidence would indicate that it is just a rogue, killing flies because it really enjoys the sport.

Family of Kittens and Squirrels.

On the farm of Amos M. Collins, near Bainbridge, O., dwells a most curiously assorted family, presided over by a demure house cat. Several weeks ago Tabby gave birth to a pair of healthy kittens. When old enough to get about they went on a foraging expedition in a wood near by, accompanied by the mother. In their journey they discovered a gray squirrel's nest, in which two young squirrels lay sleeping. The curiosity of the kittens was aroused, and they soon made friends with the squirrels, and while the mother cat sat contentedly on a log kittens and squirrels enjoyed a frolic. When it finally became dusk the cat quickly took one of the squirrels in her mouth and carried it to the farm, returning for the other one in a few minutes. The squirrels are now safely housed with the kittens, and the cat watches over the children of her adoption as carefully as over her own offspring.

A Palace All of Hay.

There have been palaces built of ice and palaces built of corn, but whoever heard of a palace of hay? Such a building will soon be erected for the national exposition to be held at Toronto, Canada. Bales of hay will be used just like

cut stone or brick for building the walls and arches. When completed the palace will be festooned with wheat, corn and other grains in the sheaf and in bundles, and the space inside will be divided off so as to display the products of the great Northwest, where the hay for the palace was grown. As you may imagine, great care will have to be taken to prevent fire. A spark would get the whole palace in flames. And when the exposition is through with the palace the cows of Toronto can be turned into it and allowed to eat it up.

Some Queer Collections.

Every boy and girl is a born collector, whether of stamps, coins, buttons, toys or what-not. But for really odd collections, it takes a grown-up man or woman. Just think, an Indian rajah has made a collection of toothpicks worth thousands of dollars! Many of them are of the rarest workmanship and design and studded with costly jewels. He even has toothpicks made of walrus whiskers and elephant ivory.

The most curious miscellaneous collection ever made was that of an eccentric Scotchman, William Gordon, who lived at Grahamstown, near Glasgow. He had an immense collection of the most varied description, including adzes, gimlets, hammers, keys, jars, bottles, toothpicks, tops, marbles, whips, toys of all sorts, sizes, shapes and materials, besides having an assortment of walking sticks and gold and silver watches. Another eccentric collector goes in for bottled battlefields, as he calls them. He has about seventy-five bottles, each bottle containing some of the soil of a historic battlefield, all duly labeled.

Why wouldn't it be a good plan for some of our high school boys to make a collection of bottled football grounds where great games have taken place?

Retired from Practice.

The Saunterer's friend, the Doctor, has retired from practice. A few years ago he inherited a large fortune, and since then his time has been so occupied managing his estates that it is impossible for him to continue his professional work. Not only has he taken in his shingle, but he also discourages the practice of calling him "doctor"; so that in his neighborhood the title has been generally dropped.

However, every few days the Irish maid of all work, when she answers the doorbell, has to explain that though the proprietor of the establishment is a duly graduated physician, he is not at present practicing his profession, and does not wish to respond to calls for his medical skill.

It happened that one day there appeared at the door a caller of a very different kind. He was the agent of some religious society, anxious rather to bleed others than to be bled himself. So, naturally, he was eager to post himself as to the church relations of his proposed subject in order to make the appeal more effectual.

His first question began in the usual way: "Is—er—Mr. Hammersleigh at home?"

"Sure an' he is, sorr."

"Can you tell me whether or not he is a Christian?"

To Bridget this was something of a poser, but she rose supremely to the occasion with her accustomed answer:

"Sure, an' he is, yer honor. But he's not practicin' it lately."—Boston Budget.

Versatility in Singing.

If asked what further quality is most necessary and desirable for a singer who has acquired her art with fine perfection the most tempting reply is "versatility." It is not enough that an artist shall be able to sing perfectly one style or kind of song; the public demands an infinite variety, and she must be able, therefore, to appeal to all tastes, to please all sorts and conditions of musical people. Unfortunately, though, versatility is rare, even among artists, and far too infrequent among amateurs. My plea is that more of our American vocal students shall appreciate its value, and appreciating its importance and desirability as part of the equipment of an artistic singer, shall endeavor to secure it. It is unnecessary to say that before versatility can be acquired the foundations of technique and a certain amount of style must be present. The singer must know how to sing, must have acquired correct tone production, and vocal technique. Then will come the more specifically directed labor.—Ladies Home Journal.

The Same Colors.

They were talking of their absent sons, and the fact that each of the gentlemen had a boy in a different college did not prevent them from amicably discussing their various prospects. Gold-en Days gives the conversation.

"Well," said one of them, "it won't be long before the athletic season; and then I guess we'll hear something from the orange and blue."

"Yes," was the reply, "and there'll be some shouting done by the blue and gray."

"Of course," rejoined the third man, "and as my boy has gone to Princeton, I'll have to put in a word for the black and orange; but it doesn't make such a great deal of difference. The boys are bound to come out under the same colors in the end."

"No," said one.

"Can't be arranged," exclaimed the other.

"Oh yes, it can."

"To what colors do you refer?"

"Black and blue."

Many perfumes are believed to be antiseptic in their qualities, and some physicians entertain the opinion that a more liberal use of them in the sick room would be beneficial.

The Pennsylvania colony farm for epileptics has just been incorporated.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhaw, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence:

ONLY a few imperative rules apply to women's dress just now, and with these few obeyed there is ample leeway for personal taste. Skirts are from four to seven yards about the hem, they set closely at the hips and spread easily below, but do not swirl. All folds hang at the back. There are no tapes, and there's no stiffening, but there is silk lining, a velvet roll is put on the edge, and a velvet edged dust ruffle comes on the inside. Sleeves are without stiffening, either fitted to the shoulder and there allowed little drapery or even a stiffly flaring frill, or they are fitted to above the elbow and fall softly without stiffness above. Bodices are either of the coat order—that is, having skirts below the belt line, or are of round waist pattern. Few gowns except strict tailor-made appear with close fitted fronts, the usual front being loose, bagged, full or folded to the figure. Boleros in every kind of modification are used.

Cloth gowns brightened by braiding and brilliant lining, yoke, front, belt or



GAY IN VELVET AND LACE.

collar of silk, are used for dressy daylight and informal dinner wear, rather than silk or velvet. Silks, velvet and brocade are confined almost strictly to gas light use, and then these materials appear in sumptuous elaboration. Jeweled brocade velvet is perhaps the most dazzlingly beautiful and costly. This is a silk velvet woven in rich flower design in natural colors. Sprinkled all over the flower petals are tiny brilliants each in its own metal setting and each applied by hand. The effect is exquisite, and the price per yard equals the cost of an ordinary dress pattern.

Velvets that are not enriched by woven or appliqued designs are worn more this winter than for several years. Naturally they never fail to make a rich appearance, and this season's methods of trimming save them from that monotonous, unrelieved look which in the past has made them an easy target for the criticisms of the woman who could not afford a velvet gown. The present sort is far more generally productive of envy. Two of these elegant costumes are put in these first two pictures, and excepting a close resemblance in the material, there is little in common between them. Both were of greenish velvet, and the first one was cut princess, the back of the bodice part being of the velvet and tight fitting, but the front showed a draping of the same shade of liberty satin. This fastened at the side and was held in at the waist by a wide girdle-like piece of the velvet ornamented with four jeweled buttons. Sleeves, bretelles and collar were velvet bordered with narrow bands of zibeline. Plaid velvet is also used on hats, but



BRIGHTENED WITH PLAID VELVET.

Muff was of the same materials, and its lining was the same satin as the bodice front, the relationship between dress and muff being thereby made of the closest possible sort. The hat, too, was part and parcel, as lawyers say, of the

whole. Of green velvet, its high crown was encircled by three bands of green velvet, the green satin used on muff and gown furnished rosettes for its trimming, paradise plumes topping all.

An even greater degree of richness was attained in the other costume. Its skirt, to begin with, had a bit of a train, and its jacket bodice was especially ornate. Its loose fronts were trimmed with wide bands of heavy lace

whole. Of green velvet, its high crown was encircled by three bands of green velvet, the green satin used on muff and gown furnished rosettes for its trimming, paradise plumes topping all.

Having appropriated the word "snob," the French have expanded it into "snobette," to signify a little

snob.

French law requires that a body shall be buried within forty-eight hours after death unless it is embalmed.

Some of the towns in Germany have their water pipes made of glass, protected with an asphalt covering to prevent fracture.

A cable about 1,300 miles long is to be laid in the Amazon river. It will connect Para and Manaos and will have sixteen stations.

An Irish railway is going to ask parliament for power to run trains with electricity. The route is between Dublin and Kingstown.

A homing pigeon belonging to J. G. Lowriston, Hepscott, England, has twice flown from La Rochelle to England, a distance of 628 miles.

A Boston physician suggests gas-phobia to describe a fatal result of gas inhalation, because the victim is poisoned as well as asphyxiated.

There are about 1,000,000 Italians in the United States. One-third of them settled in the principal cities. Half of these are laborers. Fifty per cent are illiterate.

The California board of health finds that in San Jose the average duration of life is about forty-three years, which is longer than that of any other city in the United States.

Experiments on war balloons are being carried on in this country at Fort Logan, Col., by authority of the war department which will soon urge Congress for \$10,000 appropriation.

From some reason unexplained marriages in Ireland went up last year with a bound. In the past decade there had not been 22,000 marriages in any year, but last year the total rose to 23,120.

An Italian named Corzetto has invented an apparatus which enabled him to remain under water eighteen hours. Owing to an accident to the apparatus, however, he came near being asphyxiated.

The picture of "Sheridan's Ride," by John Mulvaney, author of the famous "Custer's Last Rally," has been unveiled at Philadelphia, and will soon be placed in the National Art gallery at Washington.

The members of the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky State College say that there are 119 counties in the State, and each county is entitled to four free scholarships. Of these less than one-half are represented.

London bridge is constructed of granite, and is considered among the finest specimens of bridge architecture. The present structure was commenced in 1824 and completed in seven years at a cost of over £500,000.

Because his horse died Nicholas Hartner, former dairyman, living in Pittsburgh, hanged himself. He used the dead horse's halter rope to do it and swung himself from one of the cross pieces of the horse's stall.

The artesian well of Grenelle, a Parisian suburb, has long been regarded as the most famous and successful of artesian exploits. The well of Grenelle is 1,798 feet deep and has been flowing steadily for over fifty years at a rate varying from 200,000 to 5,600,000 gallons per day.

Maryland has fallen into line with several other States in the matter of institutes for the education of the farmers. The work is to begin this winter with a legislative appropriation of \$3,000 which is regarded as sufficient to provide for the holding of one or more institutes in each county in the State.

Some of the oldest new trees in Great Britain are in the churchyard at Mamhilad, in Monmouthshire. They are over thirty feet in girth and are fast decaying, some of their branches being held up with iron chains and bands. It is stated that they were planted about the time of the Norman conquest.

A mulley cow of brindle hue and generally unobtrusive mien ate three dozen wrought iron nails and a patent bolt and padlock at Flemington, N. J., the other morning. In the bidding that ensued for the carcass a rags-and-old-iron man and the inventor of the padlock were spirited bidders, but the former carried off the prize in a push cart.

J. T. Beacon, a deputy sheriff of Grant County Kentucky, and Miss Mary Robinson, of Williamstown, eloped, and fearing that the parents of the bride would have them intercepted at Lexington, they had the ceremony performed on the train. Rev. Dr. Davis, also of Williamstown, was on the train and married them, with the crew as witnesses.

The total Japanese railway mileage on March 1, 1896, was 2,290 miles, says Consul Uchida. At the same time 1,368 miles were under construction, and charters have been applied for covering an additional 655 miles. A ship canal from Osaka, across to the west coast of the island is also under discussion. The actual cutting would be about twenty-two miles.

The marvelous skill with which nature adapts means to ends is especially illustrated in the case of the eye of the mole. Burrowing, as he does, in light, often sandy, soil, highly organized vision would be of no particular use to him, especially as he depends on his nose for following and obtaining his prey. The eye of the mole is, therefore, very small, merely a black dot, and is believed by comparative anatomists to be incapable of accurate vision, serv-

TOPIC & TIMES

Trunks and traveling bags can be sent by mail to France. Last year 36,263,214 were thus forwarded.

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FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Sweet Conception Which Robs Death of Its Terrors—"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"—short but Pithy Sermons.

"The Other Home."

A LADY who spent the summer vacation months in a remote corner of New England relates, in a letter to a friend, a pleasant incident of Christian faithfulness and trust. She went one day to visit an old lady who, within the brief space of a year, had been called upon to part with husband, daughter, and brother—almost the last of her surviving kin.

There was, however, no sign of mourning, either in the aged woman's dress or manner, and her visitors wondered at her sweet cheerfulness of face and speech, her sunny, self-forgetful sympathy, and evident peace of mind and heart. Presently the conversation turned to religious topics, in which the reality of God's love, the restfulness of faith, and the hope of immortality, were simply and in almost childlike acceptance dwelt upon by the good woman.

The visitor finally said: "Mrs. J., you have given me more hope and cheer, in the half-hour I have talked with you, than I think I have ever received from any other Christian friend. And yet you have been called upon suddenly to bear a burden of sorrow and bereavement, such as falls to the lot of few of God's children."

"Yes," replied the dear old lady, "husband, brother and child have been taken from me—and yet it does not seem as if they had gone very far away. When I was a child, my older sister, whom I loved dearly, married, and went to live in a house about a mile from our home. At first I almost cried my eyes out; but one day mother said: 'Why, Edifice! Don't you see that Sarah hasn't left us? She has only gone down the road to make another home where we can go—a home as full of love and welcome as this. Now you have two homes instead of one. Come, put on your sunbonnet and run down to the other home.'

"After I had accepted that view you may be sure no more tears were shed. Just in this way I think of my dear ones, who have left this earthly house. They haven't gone far—simply just over to the other home. And before long I am going to put on my sunbonnet, just as I did when I was a little girl, and go to see them."

The wrinkled face was lighted by a smile of unspeakable sweetness and the aged eyes shone with wistful joy, as they looked away into that blue sky, where faith sees its "many mansions."

Death would be robbed of its terror, bereavement of its pang, mourning of its tears if we all had this trusting woman's conception of the life beyond the grave. Her faith was based upon the Great Teacher's declarations that death is not a narrowing, but a widening, of the horizon of life and love—the multiplying of those ties which unite us with the great household of God—Youth's Companion.

The Time Is Short.

Oh, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men suddenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know the time and see, feel, all of a sudden, the time is short; how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!—Phillips Brooks.

Pleasant People.

It is a pleasure to meet people who are pleasant, affable and kind; who do not seek to extinguish you with disdain or humiliate you with indifference. People can be over-pleasant as well as overbearing, but the former is infinitely preferable. Habit has something to do with a man's behavior, although disposition is the stronger element—certainly, when men have contracted habits of pride and insolence that are almost brutal. Money enters into the life of some men and makes them haughty and overbearing, who, lacking it, would have been kind and considerate. Jesus inveighed most strongly against pride and haughtiness, and said the publican was justified rather than the proud Pharisee, for all the lengthy prayers of the latter. In view of the shortness of life and its many unavoidable cares and troubles, we think it is a wise thing to cultivate a pleasant manner toward all. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" must be an inscrutable puzzle from any true and just point of view. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," is as true to-day as in the long ago when it was written. Pope calls pride "the never-failing vice of fools," and wisely, too. There is in pride and hauteur a dissembling of men beyond computation. If pride is not vice, it can lay little pride to virtue. Why, then, be

proud and haughty? Rich or poor, high or low, should shun its narrowing spirit, and learn to practice a pleasant manner, a courteous spirit of kindness toward all whom we may meet in this transitory world.—Alexander Macaulay.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again. No matter which way I turn, I always find in the Book of Life Some lesson I have to learn; I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain, I must work at my task with a resolute will, Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single hour; But the morning dew must fall, And the sun and the summer rain Must do their part and perform it all Over and over again.

Over and over again. The brook through the meadows flows, And over and over again The ponderous mill-wheel goes; Once doing will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain, A blessing falling us once or twice May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod Is never so rough to the feet, And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat; Though sorrowful tears may fall And the heart to its depths be riven, With storm and tempest, we need them all, To render us meet for heaven,—Josephine Pollard.

Church to Have a Nursery.

The Northville Methodist Church of La Grange, Ind., will put a novel plan in force. The Sunday school room has been designated the nursery and committees have been named to go on duty each Sunday to care for the babies



TURNING THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOM INTO A NURSERY.

brought to church. The nursery is what the term implies, being supplied with bottles, cabs and cradles, and the Sunday discourses of the Northville minister will henceforth be unbroken by crying babies.

Purifying Influences of Christianity.

We need all the elevating and purifying influences of Christianity from youth. Its comforts are essential to happiness all along the path of life. Sorrows are multiplied at every step; only the grace of God can comfort under them and give true and lasting satisfaction. It was wise counsel, indeed, given by the wisest of men: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He advises that this be done before the troubled life begins, when a man shall say he has no pleasure in his days. While all is going well, is the fitting time to begin this great and important duty. If it is well with us here, it will be there.

Like Bells Which Ring Out.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music and which, when touched, accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

Bits of Things.

He climbs highest who helps another up.

Faith is the sacrifice of the understanding to God.

Every convert is a new argument for Christianity.

Love is our highest word and the synonym of God.—Emerson.

The morning of opportunity passes; the day of accountability never.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

Our spiritual blessings are far more important than anything else and if we use them right we will surely express our gratitude for them.

In God's world, for these who are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain.—F. W. Robertson.

The Christian life is not so much the bearing of crosses as it is the bearing of the cross; not so much the continuous making of sacrifices as it is one continuous living sacrifice, presented once for all.

Go to, ye rich men, and learn how a rich man ought to live. When Jesus said to the rich young man, "Go and sell all thou hast and give to the poor," he had simply found a man who did not know how to be rich.—Phillips Brooks.

The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention.—Sterne.

We have the assurance that not in a general way but in a special manner and degree Jesus has prayed for a peculiar blessing in the line of our loving labors in behalf of those to whom we are sent in his name. What need have we to doubt or fear as to the result of our labors which have this intercession in their behalf?—H. Clay Trumbull, D. D.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



THE pond is an ocean to the tadpole. It robs the world for a man of ability to live in idleness. A friend to the friendless, if you would keep close to Christ. When the world comes to its worst, it will soon be at its best.

Keep the heart young, and the body will be slow in growing old.

The man who wears a hair shirt hates those who dress comfortably.

The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of pyramids.

It is safe to believe that God is still against the devil, no matter how things look.

The man who has never had a wish to be good and true, has not yet heard God speak.

We should use all the light God has given us, to help those who are still in the dark.

How easy it would be to love unlovable people, if we could only see them as God does.

It is better to have little talent and a noble purpose than much talent and no purpose.

A sanctified millionaire made the devil very tired in the days of Job, and the same kind of a man can do the same thing yet.

The power of rum will some day be overthrown, with as little ceremony as the legion of devils went out of the Gadarene.

Much of the trouble in this world is caused by the man with the beam in his eye trying to point out the mote in his brother's eye.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of other folks.

If we could see men as angels see them, there would be as much joy on earth as there is in heaven over the sinner who repents.

No man has a call from God to go as a missionary to the other side of the world, until he has done something for Christ at home.

How it would soften the push of the door in the book agent's face sometimes if we could see the little hands that stretch out to him for bread.

Sleepless Fishes and Insects.

The experts in the different branches of the sciences are now pretty well agreed that there are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during their stay in this world. Among the fish it is now positively known that the pike, the salmon and the goldfish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes during a month, and which take no rest whatever during the breeding season. There are dozens of species of flies (mostly tropical) which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents on each of the continents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.

Some years ago a theory founded on the observations of Leuwenhoek, Sir John Lubbock and others was to the effect that the ant is another of the insects that are never caught asleep. At that time (1874) the result of these observations excited considerable comment, and it was declared to be "the only exception known in the animal world to the general rule that sleep is a necessary consequence of labor." More extended observations, however, have proven that there are several exceptions to the general rule of periodical slumber in the animal creation.

David Hunter CHALLENGES

ANY MAN TO DROP TWO MILES FROM A HOT AIR BALLOON.

David Hunter, who has spent the most of his 26 years of existence going up in hot air balloons and dropping head foremost with a parachute from the clouds, to earth, has now challenged any man in the world for a two-mile balloon rise and parachute drop, for \$200 a side. He imposes these conditions: Both men to use a hot air balloon.

HOW DAVID HUNTER DROPS.

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DAVID HUNTER CHALLENGES

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

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